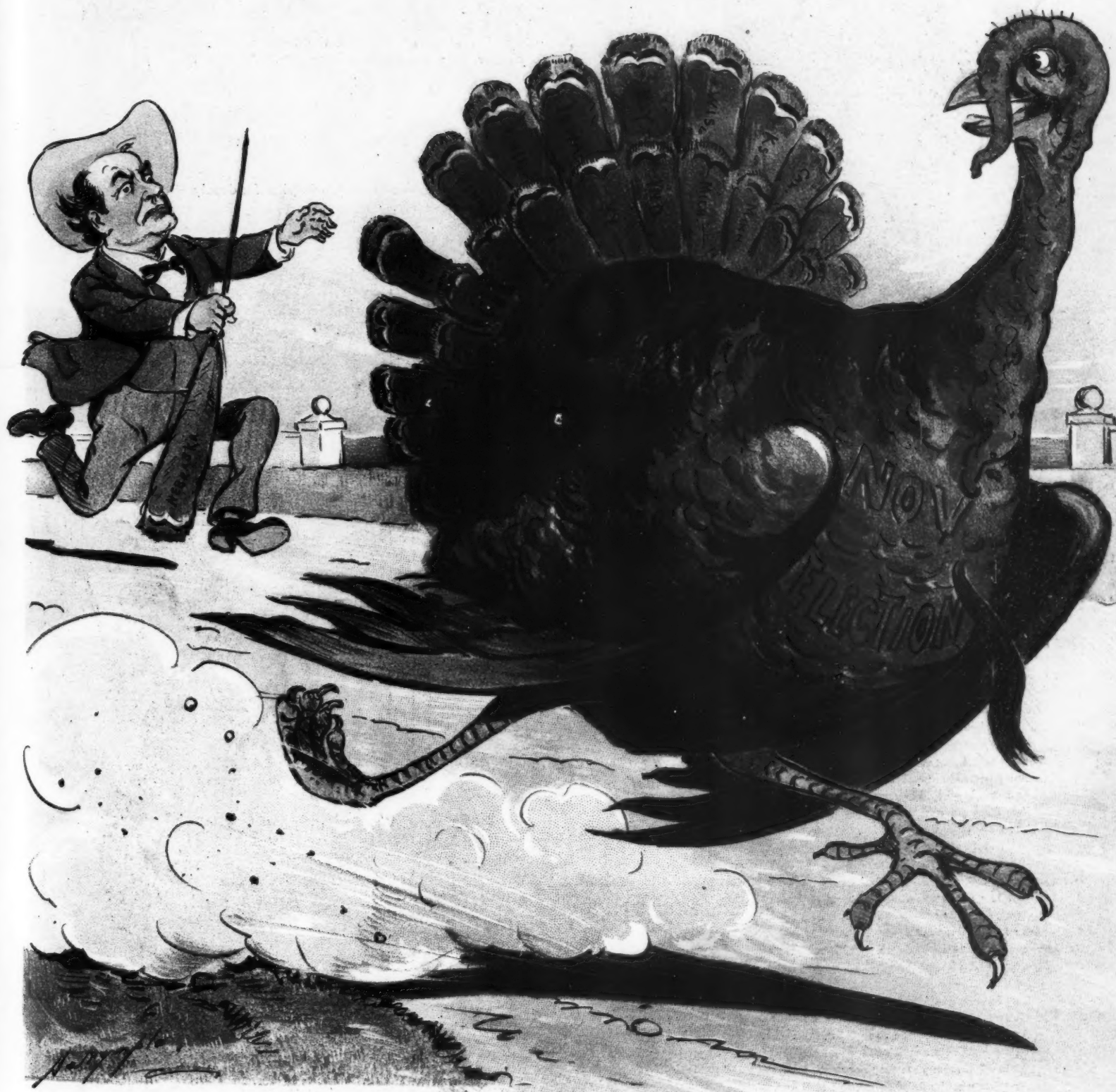
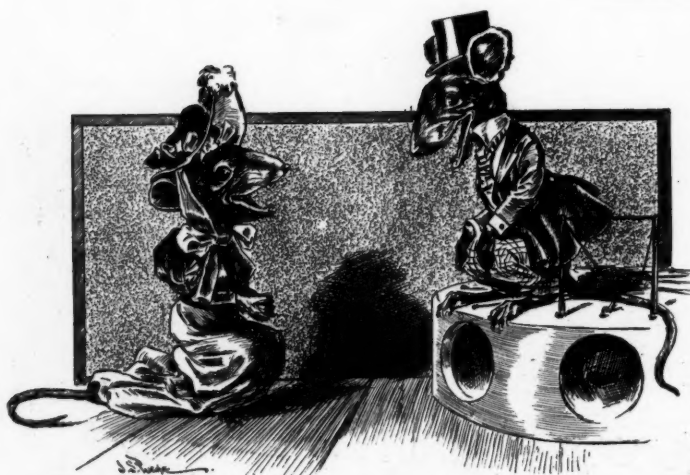


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BRYAN'S THANKSGIVING.

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#### EXCITEMENT AHEAD.

FIRST MOUSE (*in great glee*).— Say! I heard the lady of the house say there was going to be a meeting of the Sewing Circle here this afternoon.

SECOND MOUSE.— Great Cheese! What fun we'll have! Will we both appear at once, or give them separate fits?

#### THE HORSELESS KNIGHT.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR has effected his steal! Miss Netherby's perched on his automobile; And, knowing the make to be one of the best, He's let on the steam and lit out for the West. "T will need some quick work on the part of your Pa To stop this elopement," said young Lochinvar.

They plunged through the mud and they ploughed through the mire,  
They rattled a bolt off and started a tire,  
Their course was so crooked it did n't appear  
That young Lochinvar 'd ever learned how to steer.  
Next up from beneath came a joggle and jar —  
"She's busted a bearing!" cried young Lochinvar.

Then something or other went wrong with the power —  
The pace was reduced to a half-mile an hour;  
And, hearing behind her an ominous hiss,  
Fair Ellen demanded the meaning of this.  
"It means that we'll just have to stay where we are  
Till I find some more fuel," quoth young Lochinvar.

But nowhere on Cannobie Lea could be seen  
Any shop where a fellow could buy gasoline,  
Though young Lochinvar would have bartered a bank  
For three or four quarts to replenish his tank.  
So the vengeful pursuers caught up with his car  
And played polo with it and young Lochinvar.

The father's good broadsword, with violent raps,  
Converted the "aut" into quarter-inch scraps;  
And Ellen declared she was glad to get rid  
Of a person who messed things as Lochinvar did.  
Then all of them gave the poor youth the "Ha-ha!"  
And that was the finish of young Lochinvar.

Manley H. Pike.

#### THE GENERAL OPINION.

"Robes," said the lawyer, "add to the dignity of the judges."

"In which respect," observed the layman, "they differ from campaign assessments."

#### A DREAM.

JIMMY.— Do you know they use buffalo teams out in the Philippines?

TOMMY.— Do they? Would n't it be fun to go out there and be a truckman?

AT ANY RATE, Expansion is proving itself a deadly foe to yellow fever.



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MRS. DOGGETT.— Oh, dear! I don't know what on earth to do for poor Prince!

MRS. FAYTH-KUER.— Why don't you try Christian Science? It worked wonders for our baby.

MRS. DOGGETT.— But, My Gracious! I can't afford to experiment on this dog; he's won prizes at five shows!



# IN THE GOOD OLD WAY.



THE SKY is dull, the air is crisp;  
Wind-voices through the tree-tops lisp;  
The dead leaves scurry o'er the road  
To rail-fence corners, their abode  
Through Winter months. The chimney's smoke,  
That swaying downward seems to cloak  
The dormers from the chilling wind,  
Foretells the feast. Within we 'll find  
All efforts centre toward the board  
On which is spread the choicest hoard  
Of treasure gathered through the year  
From budding time till "black" frosts' sear.

(Once more the home-tie closely binds!)

See those preserves? Just nineteen kinds;  
Ten kinds of jam and marmalade  
Are for our pleasure here arrayed;  
Of pickles twelve varieties,  
Both sweet and sour, greet our eyes;  
While cherry bounce and brandied peach  
For our dulled palates seem to reach;  
Eight kinds of cake; and "ho-made" bread—  
Not baker's cork nor servant's lead;  
And pies!—No one has counted them!  
And each one in itself a gem!

But these are mere accessories  
That cluster round the centre piece  
Done to a turn! Yet it was but  
The day before no prouder strut  
The barnyard knew. With upturned shanks  
He now adds gusto to our thanks.

But why enumerate the list?  
Though half were gone 't would not be missed.

Suffice to say when I awoke  
From my dream-trip to old home-folk,  
I heaved a sigh of mind resigned,  
Put on my hat and overcoat,  
As usual went alone and dined  
At a machine-made table d'hôte.

Wood Levette Wilson.



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## A NEW WRINKLE.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated the advance representative of a certain dramatic aggregation, glaring contemptuously around in the star's dressing-room. "Why, there is hardly enough space here to swing a cat in!"

"Well, you never told me, before I signed the contract with you, that your leadin'-lady made a practice of swingin' cats in her dressin'-room, or I d' know as I'd have given you such lib'ral terms," replied the proprietor of the Pettyville opera house, glumly. "Blame it! You show people are always gittin' somethin' out of me that you don't contract for! Last Uncle Tom's Cabin company that was here, one of the genuine man-eatin' Siberian blood-hounds bit a good-sized piece out of my leg; and another of 'em killed a prominent citizen's pig durin' the parade, and I had to cough up the price of it; one of the frizzle-headed sou-brettes with the 14—count 'em—14 Vertigo Blondes, a couple of months ago, frisked my son out of a buggy-ride and two bottles of seventy-five-cent wine and mighty, by gosh! near out of his everlastin' peace and happiness. Quite a spell before that a gang of minstrels folded up my mountain and lake and carried 'em off in a trunk, and stole my rainstorm; and last season a parcel of confounded tragedians got me to dig up about all of the spare sheets at my house and among our immediate neighbors, for 'em to use as Roman togas, and then went roamin' off with 'em in the middle of the night, and like to have got me killed

by my wife and several other estimable ladies. Let me tell you, right now, if your leadin'-lady wants to do any cat-swingin' in this 'ere dressin'-room she's got to provide her own cats—I won't furnish a single cat! Come to think about it, that's a funny way of takin' exercise. What does she do it for, anyhow—do her any good?"

Tom P. Morgan.

## FREQUENTLY.

"Pa, what is a drawn battle?"  
"It is one in which the enemy has rather the best of it."

## FURNACE.

"And then the lover, sighing like a furnace!"  
She thought of these words of the Bard of Avon, beholding the youth prostrate there at her feet.  
"But he is not so warm!" she argued with herself, and shivered.

## A GUESS.

UNCLE JOSH.—What does the paper mean by "the sovereign people?"  
UNCLE HIRAM.—"The sovereign people?" I s'pose it means the political bosses.

## THE DOING OF IT.

"I tell you, sir, a great many things have been done in the name of religion."  
"Yes; a great many human beings, too."



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## WHAT WAS LACKING.

CASEY (reading).—"Alderman Clancy, the labor candidate, has placed himself in his pristin proud position by sheer hard work."  
CASSIDY.—Shure, a mon that 's worked his way oop without a shtrike or two should nivr git th' labor vote!

# THE COLLEGE BOY.



THE COLLEGE BOY does not attend college: he only looks it. That is, he follows out Sunday supplement ideas on the subject. Consequently his personal appearance, conduct and speech are typical of college life; — the college life portrayed by the indubitable newspaper authorities.

The daily pursuits of the College Boy in reality savor more of the commercial than the academic. To be sure, he is usually a member of some great and well-known institution, and is directed by "instructors of long experience; but you can't exactly call the department store a university or floor-walkers professors. The College Boy is strictly in character, then, after six o'clock at night and at the noon hour. During office hours, coarse, unobserving persons would call him a clerk.

You may see him almost any evening imparting his peculiar academic flavor to certain favored thoroughfares. His costume consists conspicuously of a slouch hat and cigarette. A noisy necktie and clamorous vest, together with plaid stockings and a horseshoe scarf-pin, help to make up his "nobby" rig. If such array of ocular proof fails to convince you that the ornate being you behold is a College Boy, you must cross the street and follow awhile in his wake. After you have heard him greet a few acquaintances as "Why, Billy, old man! How's the boy?" or "How are you, Gus, old chap?" you can not fail to assure yourself that this must be one of those real College Boys. When you are thus assured never follow further, for you may be sadly disillusionized. You will probably find your thing of beauty on his way to the most obscure door of the cheapest dairy lunch or beanery in the vicinity.

The responsibility of typifying the true collegian rests heavily on the College Boy. It requires that certain essentially collegiate exercises be gone through with, on at least two nights in the week. Chief of these, as every newspaper reader knows, are "college pranks." The College Boy who performs them regularly acquires an added lustre; for thus he stamps himself as "one of the fast set" or "a devil of a fellow."

The correct performance of a "college prank" demands that several College Boys and about one dollar be collected in a crowded café at a given time. The dollar buys a few beers apiece for the College Boys, and they in turn are rendered "dead game" enough by the few beers to rise to the achievement of the "college prank." Such "pranks" vary according to the ingenuity of the actors and are clever in inverse ratio to the fewness of the beers. College Boys seem to find among the most side-splitting the breaking of glasses, throwing of crusts and the attempted stealing of beer-steins. By observing a crowd of frolickers thus engaged, the uninitiated are enabled to form a correct idea of academic life. Newspaper writers are usually the admiring uninitiated and enlighten their readers accordingly. The vulgar frequenters of the café are apt to depart in a hurry with unprintable opinion rising to their lips.

Beside demonstrating to the public by dress and action his identity as a College Boy, an ambitious performer must model his language according to collegiate standards.

He must follow along the lines of expression that the writers tell us are characteristic of university men. This he can easily master after a few weeks perusal of newspaper articles bearing on real college life. Then he must accost and converse with other College Boys on the order of the following:

COLLEGE BOY I.—Hello, Sidney, old chum! Well, how goes it, old Sporting Life? It's the deuce of a while since I met you last!

COLLEGE BOY II.—To be sure, Clarence, old chap! I've missed your rollicking old phiz awfully! Been getting much sport lately, my Buck?

"Oh! I slip around town once in a while, my boy! You can bet your last 'bot' I don't let much fun go by me! By Jove! we had a 'dead game' lark down at Jake's, last night! My old head feels rocky yet!"

"By Gad! Wish I'd been there! old pal. Pretty fierce, eh?"

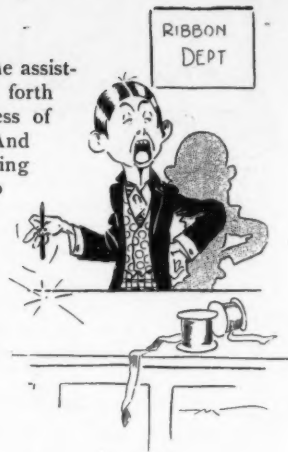
"No end of the good old beer and rollicking old college songs! Freddy had his banjo and we cut up high jinks, you can wager!"

Etc., etc.

Thus does the sad-dog College Boy, with the assistance of the rollicking-blade College Boy, set forth to the gratified bystanders the true inwardness of college friendship and its accompaniments. And having thus creditably deported himself according to the only standards, he goes back satisfied to his ribbon-counter.

In such laudable exhibition the College Boy lives his perpetual course. You see him in cafés, billiard rooms and cheap table d'hotes, on pleasure bent, in department stores and offices on daily compulsion; — in colleges never!

Larkin G. Mead.



## THEIR UNCLE.

THE CLOTHING MERCHANT.—Do you belief dot all men are brodders?  
THE PAWNBROKER.—Vell, I know dot a good many of dem are nefews.

A HALF-DOZEN Indian Sikhs  
Took the ferry-boat over the Styx;  
But the passage was rough,  
And it surely was tough  
To see Cerberus sic six sick Sikhs.



## AT THE FRONT.

EDITOR (*Podunk Herald*).—Heard anything from that war correspondent we hired at five a week to represent us in the Transvaal?

FOREMAN.—Yes; here's his dispatch about the last battle—"There was a perfect hail of bullets, some of which were as big as hen's eggs!"





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### THE OLD STORY.

FIRST TRAMP.—Wanted yer to take a bath, did she?  
SECOND TRAMP.—Well, she said dat when soap an' water was so easy to git dere was no need fer any one lookin' like a foot-ball-player at de end of a game.

### A GOOD-LUCK CITIZEN.

"What is a walking encyclopedia, Pa?"  
"Well, he is a man who always happens to know the very things that other people happen to ask him."

### A CONFIDENTIAL OPINION.

FRIEND.—It must be hard to write poetry.  
EDITOR (*emphatically*).—No; it's too blamed easy.

### JOGGING HIM UP.

HE (*musingly*).—Well, man proposes, but—  
SHE (*meaningly*).—No, he don't; he just keeps making one think he is going to.



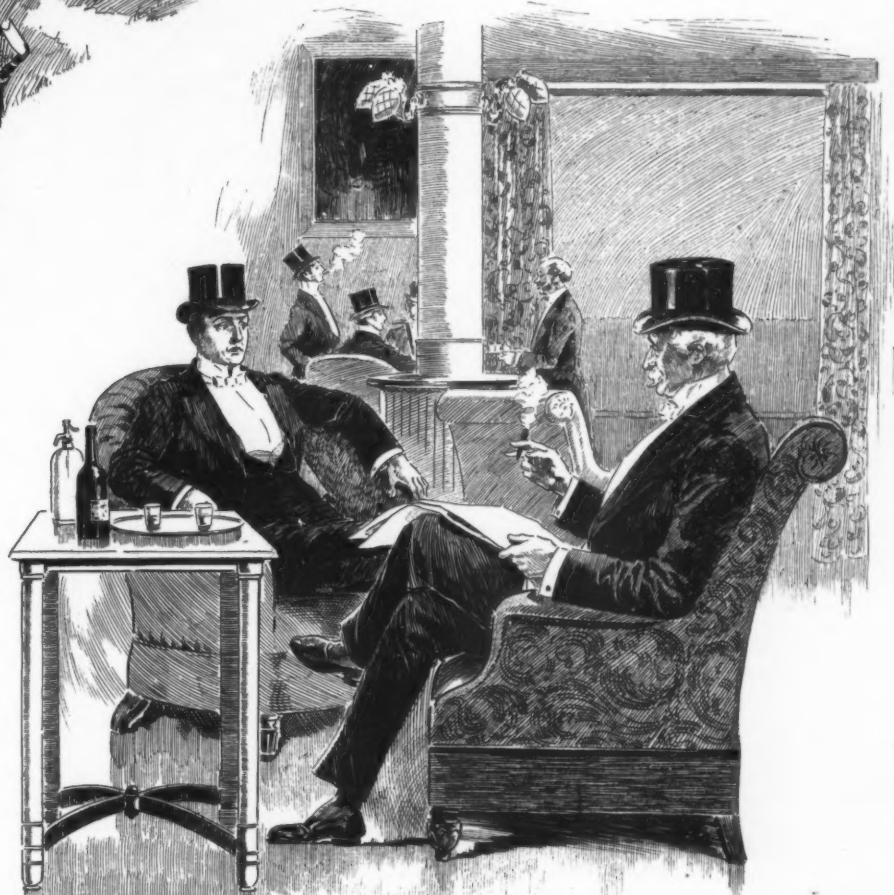
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### IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

"Is n't that a new departure, neighbor? I thought you believed in using Shank's mare."  
"Yes; but I'm getting old. I thought I'd try one of these horseless carriages."

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.  
SEVEN-YEAR OLD.—Going to the theatre, Mama?  
MAMA.—Yes.  
SEVEN-YEAR OLD.—May I go with you?  
MAMA.—No, dear.  
SEVEN-YEAR OLD (*solemnly*).—Remember, it is the first step in the downward path!

THERE ARE some people who think they could write an impartial autobiography.



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### NEVER SATISFIED.

OLETIMER.—Why don't you get married?  
BACHELOR.—I'm afraid I could n't support a wife in the way she would like!  
OLETIMER.—Don't let that stop you! It would be just the same if you were worth ten millions!

### WHY THE OTHER MAN SMILED.

"It is a very strange thing," said Mr. Peckby, innocently, "that I am never affected to any great extent with absence of mind except when my wife is away."

### CONSUMERS HAVE RIGHTS.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—There are some cranks who would close every saloon in town if they could.  
SECOND SUBURBANITE.—That would be dead-wrong. There are some features of this place that are enough to drive any man to drink.

### EVIDENCE.

FRIEND.—I guess your father knows as much about raisin' cattle as anybody?  
FARMER'S SON.—I guess he does. Why, one of our cows has just had a two-headed calf.

SOMETIMES THE easiest mount on the road to success is the hobby of some one else.

MANY A poet has had reason to be thankful that his relatives were not in the same line of business.



# THE KING OF THANKSGIVING.



TURN BACK your clock, O Father  
Time!  
Till on the stroke of ten;  
So that, Thanksgiving season,  
I'm  
A kingly boy again,  
Whose depth we can not  
make agree  
With other measurements,  
Nor figure his capacity  
By his circumference.

A king — who drags reluctant feet  
Where churchbell loud invites,  
Tho' all his chums in yard and street  
Are raising appetites;  
Who knows his mother e'en, devout,  
The text will not discern,  
Because impressed with anxious doubt  
For fear the turkey 'll burn.

A king — who seems all nose and eyes  
Around the kitchen door;  
Whose aching void is real youth's size,  
Too vast to quite ignore.  
Who, after he has sniffed and peeped,  
And finally is in place  
In keen anticipation steeped,  
Must still submit to grace.

A king — who, when the rest are dead  
To all save pumpkin pie,  
Unreefs, beneath the table-spread,  
His waistband on the sly.  
And 'mid the wilderness of bones  
Upon his plate he frees  
A landing, while in steadfast tones  
He says: "More turkey, please!"

Edwin L. Sabin.



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## NO LONGER SCARY.

EDITH.— He no longer turns down the gas before kissing me!  
ETHEL.— He has probably gotten used to you!

## HE TOOK THEIR WORD FOR IT.

VISITOR FROM THE EAST.— You say times are hard as ever, and that the country is going to ruin, generally. Why, my dear Mr. Bushbeard, prices of stock and produce are extremely good, and crops are magnificent! I can not understand it.

POPULIST.— I can't understand it myself; I never had a chance ter study the financial question as I ought ter.

## WHAT HE HAD TO SAY FOR HIMSELF.

UNCLE BOB.— Well, Johnny, are you at the head of your class?

JOHNNY.— No; but I can lick the fellow that is!

## HIS POLICY VINDICATED.

FIRST GIRAFFE.— I understand the menagerie people say giraffes are very scarce, and are worth ten thousand dollars apiece.

SECOND GIRAFFE.— Indeed? Well, I have always advocated making ourselves scarce.

NOW AND then a girl's face is her fortune; oftener, however, it is her chaperone.

## A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

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MR. FEER.— I. Tell you what, this is a lonely road!

## HIS ANSWER.

LITTLE MIKE (who has an inquiring mind).— Father!  
McLUBBERTY.— Phwot?

LITTLE MIKE.— Father, av wan av thim pug dogs was to follow his nose wud he turn summersets, or go down his own t'roat?

McLUBBERTY.— Ar-r-r-r; Oi dunno! But phwot Oi do know is thot av yez ask me another quistion loike thot, me young intirrygation p'int, aph to bed ye 'll go loike yez was shot out av a gun! D' yez moind thot?

## THE CHICAGO METHOD.

MISS LETTERS (of Boston).— So much depends on environment!

MISS PORKCHOPS (of Chicago).— Just so! Now, out in Chicago we are continually annexing our environments.

It is a question whether a man's ingenuity does more to get him into trouble or get him out of it.



II.

"There is a man following me!



III.

"I believe he is a highwayman. There, he stoops to pick up something; a bludgeon, I'll wager!



IV.

"Good heavens! he is making for me!



V.

"O Lord! I can see myself murdered! Three miles, too, before I reach another habitation.





PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**GIVING THANKS.** **T**HANKSGIVING DAY brings the optimist and the pessimist to the same table under a flag of truce. The optimist is thankful that all is well; the pessimist that it is no worse. And there is the medium, comfortable person who is thankful for both. On the whole, the optimist has rather the better of it this Thanksgiving. To all railers, malcontents and sour-minded folks he may point out that we are prosperous to a degree hitherto unknown. And it is agreed that prosperity is a thing to be thankful for. We are busy producing on the farm and building in the factory, and customers the world over are clamorous for our goods. We have all shared in the resulting benefits. Perhaps the sharing has not been according to merit in every case, but it has come as near to justice as we have learned how to bring it. It can not come nearer until we grow more sensitive to injustice. For the present, considering that we are a lot of ignorant, half-savage, crude-minded, selfish, superstitious brutes, hardly one remove from our brothers of the field, often more cruel and always as fearful of what we do not understand, we are doing really as well as could be expected. And let us be just as thankful as we can for it.

**THE FIGHTING.** **A**S TO WAR, there is little to do but report progress. Aguinaldo is losing capitals at an unprecedented rate. He loses one a day as compared with one a month last Spring. He must also be losing considerable sleep, and it looks as if he and those who also ran with him had about finished their race. From the besieged places in South Africa, where the dove of peace is made to be a messenger of war, the tales of fighting confirm the theory that war is hell; and they suggest, furthermore, that the Boers are believers in the good, old-fashioned kind of hell, with no higher-criticism nonsense about it. They are making the most of their opportunity, but it is an opportunity that will diminish with the arrival of every British troopship, and there is little doubt that it will soon be reduced to an extremity.

**THE INFORMAL DREIBUND.** **W**E FAINTLY recall an observation to the effect that "Politics makes strange bed-fellows." We suggest it to those who might otherwise be puzzled by the state of affairs depicted in PUCK'S double-page cartoon this week. For it truly is a state of affairs. There is no doubt about it, how much soever it may gall certain of us to have a supersensitive hyphen in the midst of our Americanism. Without formality, by a mere

growing consciousness of common interests, and of the strength in combination, there has come to be an Anglo-American-German entente. And, by the circumstance of its being a natural growth, independent of signed treaties, than which nothing is frailer, it promises to make strongly for universal peace. It is, so long as it endures, a practical Peace Congress, as opposed to the impractical kind with which we were lately edified. As a London journal puts it, "the three countries have decided to live on civil terms for business reasons;" and that makes a situation which no other European power would lightly ignore. And it promises not only peace, but abundant oil for the rusty hinges of that "open door" in China.

THE PRICE OF SOULS.

**W**HILE THE creeds of the other churches are succumbing to modern enlightenment and the growth of true Christian feeling, it has been the proud boast of the Roman Catholic church that it stood immune from these influences. But a priest in Buffalo the other day dealt it a blow in a sensitive spot. On ordinary days, if one has a friend in purgatory one must pay a priest to pray him out. But, for the benefit of the unknown and friendless, there is All Souls Day, when a mass is said without price for all the souls in purgatory. It appears however that the practice has been to collect money for the release of souls, even on this day, and it was this practice that the Buffalo priest denounced. He called it a fraud. "If a priest," he said, "should wish to remember in the mass of that day the soul of any one in particular, or of only such whose names are written on sheets of paper or for whom money is offered, it must be understood by the people that these souls would have a share in the mass of that day, even if their names had not been collected. Should you ever attend mass on All Souls Day in a church where this fraud is practiced, denounce it." As this was the blackest kind of heresy—in that it was an attempt to divert money from the church—the offending priest was charged by the Vicar-General of the Diocese with "subverting the truth" and was ordered either to deny that he had preached the offending sermon or to retract it publicly. But we see that even the Catholic church can not keep free from these opinionated servants. For Father Zurcher not only would not deny or retract the sermon, but he repeated it and nailed the manuscript to his pulpit; which was a very Martin Lutherish and dangerous thing to do. The matter should not be let to rest there. It should be definitely settled if a soul has a chance to be prayed out of torment one day in the year whether there is a thoughtful friend with a spare quarter at hand or not. Until it is settled we should prefer to be a Methodist or something, so we could go straight through the gates of glory and have it over with.

NOW, GIVE THANKS!

**I**F YOU have nothing else to be thankful for, be thankful for Christmas Puck. If you can't be thankful after you see that, your case is hopeless; you would better bunch your band in with the discard and wait for another deal. Christmas PUCK will be out next week. It will be the regular Puck No. 1188, and you will receive it as you receive other Pucks if you are a subscriber. If not you will have to buy it of a newsdealer or send to us for it. In the matter of Christmas numbers we have been educating the public and our contemporaries for some years. If you want to know just what a Christmas number should be get a Christmas Puck and place it alongside of the other alleged Christmas numbers that flood the news stands at this season. Try it and see if the others don't make the Christmas PUCK look like thirty dollars (\$30.00). But it's only a quarter. Its 52 pages will contain the best work of Puck's large exclusive corps of artists in a wonderful variety of design and color, with many full-page drawings in color, and a cover that would be ten times your money's worth if nothing else went with it. The Christmas stories, Christmas poems and Christmas jokes are the very best to be had and are calculated to take the place of a liberal Education. Get your copy early, because newsdealers can't keep them in stock long; or send 25 cents to

The Publishers of Puck, New York.



VI.

"I can't run a yard further. He is gaining on me, too! Oh! what an awful fate!"



VII.

"Oh! Mr. Highwayman, take my money, take my all; but please, oh! please, spare my life!"



VIII.

THE CHASER.—Say! the next time you drop your pocket-book, dear fellow, don't make the finder chase two beastly miles after you to return it, don't y' know!



IX.

MR. FEER.—Well, I wonder where I can buy a kicking machine?



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

# THE INFORMAL DR

PUCK.— Let us give thanks for the friendly understanding among the Saxon nation



PUCK.



ORMAL DREIBUND.

the Saxon nations. It is more potent for peace than any Peace Congress!

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MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.

ON THE CAMPAIGN IN NATAL.

"If you an' me was not sich ould fri'nds, Misther Unionjack," said Mulligan, "Oi'd cr-row over the misfortunes av the Br-ritish ar-rmy wit'-out shtoppin' to apologize for hur-rin' yer feelin's by doin' the same. As it is, Oi'll apologize fur-rst an' cr-row afterwords. Ye must raymimber, Misther Unionjack, thot the Br-ritish ar-rmy does n't have misfortunes enough to give us a chanst to cr-row very often; an' thin there's Gin'ral Buller com'n' along wit' an ar-rmy corpse to shpile the fun; so, summon up yer Br-ritish shtolidity, as they call it, an' be patient whoile the Oirish rayj'ice."

Under the circumstances I summoned up as much of my British stolidity as events would permit.

"Our troops," said I, "have fought as well as ever they did, but they have been outnumbered and their general has made mistakes."

"Jist so," said Mulligan. "Whether they have been outnumbered three to wan, sivin to wan, or ilivin to wan, dipinds on the extint av the disaster it is nicissary to explain. 'T is wan av the fur-rst pr-inciples av the ar-rt av war thot whin the innimy licks ye, he was always in overwhelm'n' numbers an' his loss is istimated to be sayri-ous, if not thriminjus. The Br-ritish War Daypa-rtmint may not know as much about its business as it thought it did, but it knows thot. So, when we foind wan company av Dublin Fusileers an' wan squadron av hussars taken by the innimy, 't is a poor mathe-matician thot can't figure out thot they fell into the hands av at laste sivin thousand Boers. An' whin fifteen hundred or so, includin' me fr'ends the R'yal Oirish —

bad cess to thim for takin' the Quane's shillin'! — tuk their lave av the Br-ritish ar-rmy wan foine Sunda' noight an' niver kem back, it shtands to raison thot they were defayted an' captured by a for-rcer av not less than ilivin thousand."

"But their mules stampeded with the ammunition —"

"Whist!" said Mulligan; "thot's a good story about the mules an' the ammunition an' Oi'm not denyin' but Oi ad-moire the military jaynius av the man thot thought av it —"

"But it's true!" I insisted, indignantly.

"Well, aiven if it is thrue," said Mulligan, "ye can't ixpict an' Oirishman to belave it — or a Frinchman. An' there's quoiert shmoiles in Jarmany. But there's wan thing Oi must congr-ratulate ye on, an' thot's havin' sich a cheerful War Daypar-rtment. Bedad! there's no sich thing as gettin' thim worrid about annything! When Curnel Baden Powell was cut off, they shmoiled an' said they had n't the laste appr-rehension about him. An' when Saysil Rhodes was cooped up they shmoiled an' hinted thot if there was annything in this wur-ruld Saysil ud inj'y it was a sayge — nothin' ud plase him more than to be shtarved an' bombar-rded. Whin the hussars an' fusileers was missin' they shmoiled ag'in an' said they must be so busy puttin' the inimy to the soord an' ray-mimberin' Majuba thot they had n't toime to come back. An' when Gin'ral Yule lift his wounded behoind at Glin-coe, an' rethreated to jine Gin'ral Whoite, they axed the public trium-phantly if they iver h'ard av sich mastherly shtrategy as thot? An' whin the R'yal Oirish an' the balance av



"A HELP MEET."



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A GLOBE TROTTER.

CUSTOMER (*Backhampstead, Ct.*).—Wal, I don't know about that calico; I think I've seed better.

STOREKEEPER.—Nancy Jane Bosworth, there ain't no better calico than that on airt! I know — for I have traveled! I have been to Springfield, I have been to Hartford, and I have been to New Haven! In fact, Nancy Jane Bosworth, I have traveled this wide world over! So you can safely take my judgment 'bout that calico!

Gin'ral Whoite's lift wing got lost in the shuffle an' the Br-ritish payple was askin' wit' indignation what the devil had become av thim, the War Day-par-rtmint tould them there was no occasion for anny alar-rum — the lift wing had gone off for a shtroll wit' the mules an' was ixpicted back at anny minute. Bedad! if the Boers shud bag Buller Oi suppose the War Day-par-rtmint ud shmoile wanst more an' p'int pr-roudly to the fact thot communica-tions wit' Joe Chamberlain had not been cut off an' announce thot they felt no apprehinsion whativer about the safety av the Br-ritish navy!

"But, cheerful as the War Daypar-rtmint is, there's one thing cheerfuller yit thot the war has projuced, an' thot's the war correspondent thot has had an interview with a refu-gee. 'T is a glowin' tale av hope thot he cables afther he has had a talk an' a drink wit' a refugee. Accordin' to the refugee, the Boers is havin' a commando blowed up with dynamite twict a wake; their ammunition is bad; they're gettin' little or nothin' to ate; sickness is spr-readin' in their ranks; they'll niver shtand up anny more ag'in the terrific char-riges av the Br-ritish infanthy; they have no confidence in their layders; they're downhearted



PUCKOGRAPHS. — XXIX.

A NOTORIOUS WALL STREET SPENDTHRIFT.

an' discouraged an' they want to go home; an' Kruger is thinkin' av surrenderin' at wanst. Shtill they go on, wit' their hearts in their boots, takin' towns an' prisoners an' mules, an' burnin' bridges an' tearin' up railroads an' cuttin' wires, an' raisin' the devil, gin'rally."

"Well, Mulligan," said I, "we'll have our inning after a while and you won't feel as happy as you do now."

"Thot," said Mulligan, frankly, "is the only thing thot's worryin' me."

ONE OF THEM.

"Some mud throwed in the campaign!"

"Yes?"

"Pow'ful lot o' mud! You see, I was runnin' fer member leg'slatur as a farmer, an' t' other side 'ey went telling round 'at I oncet come back from a visit t' New York city with a dollar in my pocket! But nobody b'lieved 'em! Farmers all voted fer me. 'Ey knowed I was one on 'em."

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

FIRST KAFFIR.—Say, what's your hurry?

SECOND KAFFIR.—Don't stop me! I'm the special correspond-ent of the New York *Hustler* and I have a batch of startling rumors from the front.

READY TO QUIT.

FIRST OFFICE-BOY.—I call my boss "Gridley."

SECOND OFFICE-BOY.—Why is that?"

FIRST OFFICE-BOY.—Because he may fire when he is ready!





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#### NEAR THANKSGIVING.

FIRST TURKEY.—Ah! dear me! I have a premonition that something is going to happen. I wish I were a wild turkey.

SECOND TURKEY.—You will be wild—when you see the man with the ax approaching.

#### NOT HIS FIND.

SOILED SPOONER (*in a moist and soggy voice*).—Me only brother lost his life in de far-off Philippines, an'—

FARMER FLINT.—Wa-al, ye need n't accuse me of findin' it; I hain't never been outside of this State in my life!

#### THE END.

And the cooking-school swept on and on,  
Till its conquest was complete,  
And womankind in general  
Would rather cook than eat.

#### THE NEXT THING.

CITY MAN.—So no one here plays golf, eh? Well, what is the nearest thing you have to it?

MOSS-BACKED VILLAGER.—Aw, just plain silliness!

#### PROSPERITY.

“Prosperity!” repeated the Kansas farmer, with a loud laugh. “Why, they ain't skurcely one o' my neighbors but what's got him a carpet to his cyclone cellar, an' some on 'em's Brussels, too!”

#### THE REAL DIFFICULTY.

SAM.—I s'pose it's hard to keep one o' dem monocles onter yer face.

PETE.—Dat am not so berry hard; but it am hard to keep it on an' luk as if it was n't hard.

#### FORETHOUGHT.

O'RAFFERTY (*pausing, hammer in hand*).—Shure, Oi wish Oi was lift-handed!

CLANCY.—What for?

O'RAFFERTY.—Why, thin if Oi iver hurt my roight hand, workin', Oi'd have my lift hand to fall back on.

#### A CYNIC.

“Perkins, do you believe all men are liars?”

“Yes;—they only let up long enough to tell on each other.”



THERE IS nothing that makes us feel better than a compliment we know we don't deserve.



## PUCK'S PROSPECTUS FOR 1900.

### SEE THIS LIST!!!

To every subscriber of PUCK will positively **NOT** be given any one of the following premiums:

- 1 Music Box,
- 1 Scroll Saw,
- 1 Diamond Sun-Burst,
- 1 Set “Favorite Poets,”

- 1 Automobile,
- 1 Sewing-Machine,
- 1 Fur-Lined Overcoat,
- 1 Steam Yacht.

We are not running a Department Store. We are engaged in publishing a Comic Paper, and it takes all our time. Neither have we any Puzzles for you to solve; we will not insure your life or give you an Accident Policy; NOR can you get PUCK for \$4.99.

Its price is \$5.00 a year, including the X-MAS PUCK.

Yes, we know that our contemporaries hold out inducements of this sort; but, then, they have to. It is a graceful recognition on their part that you do not get your money's worth in subscribing for them.

There is one premium, however, that they can not give you, and it is one that PUCK does give.

That is a first-class, up-to-date comic weekly, original from cover to cover, containing each week the work of about 15 of the very best comic artists, and more of the brightest, wittiest, cleanest reading matter than any other comic paper in the world. : : : : :

This is the only premium that PUCK gives. Money that might be spent on other premiums is devoted to improving this one. PUCK will be better the coming year than it has ever been before, and so will be worth more money; but the price will not be raised. Better send in your subscription now!

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the  
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

**S-O-H-M-E-R**

New York SOHMER BUILDING  
Warerooms, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

## ST RAPHAEL WINE

A PURE RICH  
TONIC  
MAKES  
FLESH AND  
BLOOD.

PHYSICIANS USE IT

St. Raphael Wine is a natural tonic, free from the injurious drugs used in most so-called "tonics." It is made only from the wholesome parts of the richest French grapes, concentrated and Pasteurized. It is especially valuable to nursing mothers, and in cases of weakness, impoverished blood, indigestion, gout, nervousness, malaria, anemia, etc. It is used in all French hospitals.

At Dealers in High-Grade  
Wines and Leading Pharmacies.  
Circulars mailed on request.  
1 bottle (7 to a gallon), express prepaid, \$1.00.  
Importation Office,  
R. VAILLANT, 64 Broad Street, New York.

## The California Limited

Finest train west of Chicago.  
66 hours to Los Angeles, via  
Santa Fe Route.

Pullmans, Dining Car, Buffet-  
Smoking Car (with barber  
shop), Observation Car (with  
ladies' parlor).

Vestibuled and electric-  
lighted throughout.

Four times a week—Tuesdays,  
Wednesdays, Thursdays and  
Saturdays, 8.00 p. m. from  
Chicago.

General Passenger Office,  
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,  
CHICAGO.

## YPSILANTI HEALTH UNDERWEAR

SEND FOR BOOKLET TO  
HAY & TODD MFG. CO. YPSILANTI, MICH.

EVIDENTLY A BILLIONAIRE.

MRS. HAYSEED.—Who is this Mr.  
Citiman who is comin' here to board?

FARMER HAYSEED.—I don't know  
exactly, but he's rich as all possessed.  
Some relation o' Russell Sage or Van-  
derbilt, I reckon.

MRS. HAYSEED.—How d' ye know?

FARMER HAYSEED.—He did n't ask  
a darn question about rates.—N. Y.  
Weekly.

## OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in 10  
to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.,  
Dept. X. I. Lebanon, Ohio.

Established 1823.

## WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore Md.

AN ORIENTAL  
CYNIC.

"Marriage," said  
the proverb quoter,  
"is a lottery."

"Yes," answered  
the Sultan of Sulu, as  
he waved his hand  
towards the harem;  
"and there's a bunch  
of blanks." — Wash-  
ington Star.



### MARQUISE RING.

The most fashionable for the  
past two years; Turquoise,  
Ruby, Emerald, Opal or Sap-  
phire centre; regular price,  
\$4.50. Mailed to any address  
upon receipt of price, \$1.00.  
These beautiful rings cannot be  
distinguished from those cost-  
ing several hundred dollars.  
We are the sole importers in  
the United States. Send for  
catalogue. Goods warranted.

THE POMONA COMPANY, 1181-1183 Broadway, New York.

WHEN people find  
they can turn a man's  
head, they keep on  
turning until they get  
it twisted off.—Atchi-  
son Globe.

SOME churches  
ought to put a collec-  
tion box on their  
steeple, instead of a  
cross.—Ram's Horn.

## Drink Evans' Stout



If you want richer  
blood or need  
building up.

## BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant,  
durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at  
dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.



WANTED TO BE SURE.

MR. GOTROX.—I hope you don't play that ridiculous game called foot-ball?

HIS DAUGHTER'S LOVER.—Aw, no; ye know—pawstively vulgaw, ye know—pawstively!

Brain and body bracer; Abbott's, the Original An-  
gostura Bitters. Don't be deceived—take only Ab-  
bott's, the only Original Angostura. At your grocers.

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry received highest award  
World's Columbian Exposition! Medal and Diploma  
for "An Excellent Champagne, Agreeable Bouquet,  
Delicious Flavor."

The next issue of PUCK will be the

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

25 CENTS — PRICE — 25 CENTS

ORDER NOW

From your  
Newsdealer

OR

From KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers, PUCK, N. Y.

## DUNLOP TIRES

cost more to make than any other bicycle tire.  
They cost the rider less—in the end.

DUNLOP'S save money in repairs, in longer  
life, and save you worry and  
time in fix'ng.

If a dealer is a slick talker  
he may persuade you to take  
some other tire upon which  
he will make a dollar or two  
of extra profit.

If you are smart you will  
insist on DUNLOP'S at the  
same price. The dealer will  
give you the best, rather  
than lose a sale.

THE AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE COMPANY,  
BELLEVILLE, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

WHEN the average girl is n't crying  
to her mother that the boys tease her,  
she is looking for boys to tease her.—  
Atchison Globe.

New York to Buffalo, via NEW YORK CENTRAL—Finest One-Day Railroad Ride in the World.



# THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD.

"Are you prepared for the storm?" asked the busy man.  
 "I ain't givin' myself any uneasiness," answered the man who only asks an excuse for doing nothing. "A wise man learns by experience; and my experience has been that weather that gets predicted beforehand, mostly does n't happen."—*Washington Star*.

WISDOM  
**W. W. W.**  
 (THREE W's)  
 Pure Rye Whiskey  
 IF YOU ARE WISE BE CAREFUL WHERE WHEN WHAT YOU DRINK.  
 Angelo Myers  
 ANGelo MYERS  
 —THE DISTILLER— PHILADELPHIA—

## THOSE EXTRAORDINARY WORDS.

"Things are very interesting down in the Transvaal!" exclaimed Maud.  
 "The Transvaal!" repeated Mamie, with a puzzled look. "Oh, yes! That's the country where nearly all the towns sound as if they had been named after American sleeping cars."—*Washington Star*.

## WANTED—A POPULAR HERO.

"Well, it's no go," said the weary Democratic leader. "We can't get Dewey to head our ticket."  
 "It seems not," replied his lieutenant.  
 "Who's next?"  
 "I don't know. If Dreyfus was only eligible it would be easy; but I guess we'll have to take Jim Jeffries."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

WE are inclined to believe that Aguinaldo is running much better than some of his friends in this country.—*Washington Post*.

## For Home Use

order a trial case of that superior American product

## GREAT WESTERN Champagne

It stands without an equal as a tonic for the convalescent or a refreshing beverage for the well. Recommended by physicians for its purity and healthfulness, and by connoisseurs for its exquisite bouquet. The equal of imported, at much less cost.

Sold universally in best Clubs, Cafes and Hotels. Used in best homes.



PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,  
 Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.  
 Sold by Respectable Wine Dealers Everywhere.

## A HARASSING PROBLEM.

"William, I don't know whether to telegraph or not before I start out to cousin Caroline's."  
 "Why are you undecided?"  
 "Well, if I don't telegraph, may be she won't be at home; and if I do, may be she will go off visiting somewhere."—*Detroit Free Press*.

## TO BE CONTINUED.

WICK.—Henpeck declares that his wife is always an open book to him.  
 WAGG.—That's it exactly. He can't shut her up.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

HE.—The last half of the race the wind was dead against us and we both beat all the way home.  
 SHE.—Why, how could you both beat?—*Harvard Lampoon*.

If a man will only tell his woman folks he is sorry, it is not necessary for him to be.—*Albion Globe*.

# WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury Conn.

Dear Sirs:—  
 I enclose a picture taken by me in one of the leading barber shops in this city yesterday. While awaiting "my turn," the old gentleman in the chair entered and asked if he could be shaved. Being told that he could, he asked what soap they used, and said if they didn't use WILLIAMS' Soap he would go elsewhere. He stated that he was ninety-three years old, and had used nothing but WILLIAMS' Soap for more than half of his life. That many years ago his face had been badly poisoned in a shop, where one of the so-called cheap soaps was used, and he had suffered agonies. He at once quit that shop and went to one where WILLIAMS' Soap was always used. Since then he had fought shy of all barbers who did not use "WILLIAMS' SOAP."

Very Respectfully, J. W. URQUHART,  
 Detroit, Mich.

**MORAL:** Protect yourself by insisting that your barber uses WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP. Accept no substitute from dealers if you shave yourself. Williams' Soaps are sold all over the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Glastonbury, Conn.  
 Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

**OLD OVERHOLT**  
 High Standard Pennsylvania PURE RYE WHISKEY.  
 "BOTTLED IN BOND" direct from the barrel at the Distillery.  
 A. OVERHOLT & CO.,  
 Pittsburg, Pa.

## NO CHANCE FOR 'EM.

With laughter lurking in each face,  
 And folly ne'er asleep,  
 This earth is but a solemn place  
 For those who fain would weep.  
 —*Washington Star*.

If you don't eat well or sleep well, have headaches and dizzy spells, try a spoonful of *Dr. Siegel's* Augustura Bitters.

**310 First Premiums**  
 Awarded to the PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR. Guaranteed to operate in any climate. Send for catalogue, PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO. Homer City, Pa.

# BOKER'S BITTERS

Quickly Cure Stomach Troubles, brought on by Heat and Overwork.

# Puck's Christmas Card.

Miss Grace Darling,  
 It gives me pleasure to announce that through the kindness of  
 Mr. Upton Downes  
 I will brighten your home for fifty-two successive weeks.  
 Cordially Yours, Puck.

AMONG THE THINGS  
 THAT XMAS BRINGS  
 WHAT IS BETTER THAN LAUGHTER THAT RINGS  
 CLEAR AND FREE  
 IN A REVELRY  
 THAT MAKES BETTER FRIENDS OF YOU AND ME.

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

## ... A Suitable Christmas Present ...

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription Book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which this reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

This card, (size 7x4 1/4 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;  
 To send by mail to distant dear ones;  
 To put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present.

Address: PUCK, New York.

There is  
No Question

## Hunter Whiskey

In  
Quality  
Age  
Flavor

Is the Leader  
Everywhere



Sold at all First-Class Cafes and by Jobbers.  
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

**Coe's Eczema Cure** \$1 at drug stores. The world's  
surest cure for all skin  
diseases. Samples Free by mail. Coe Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

Sent to  
any U. S.  
address  
prepaid

**100**  
for  
**\$1**

Ten  
flat  
packets  
of ten  
each  
in neat  
wood  
box.  
Money back  
if not pleased.

**Size**  
Four inches.

**Long-leaf**  
filler.

**Hand-rolled**  
they  
burn evenly.

**Their flavor**  
is delicate  
and rich.

**LUCKE'S  
ROLLS** Made of a stock for  
60 years controlled  
by Spanish export  
trade in Porto Rico.  
Secured by us for American  
consumption at 1-6th cost  
of Cuban leaf.

A most pleasing astonishment to any  
lover of a rich, tropical-flavored tobacco.  
NOTE: "The Lucke Rolled Cigar" is a large  
full cigar-weight edition of this stock, selected.  
We send box of 50 for \$1.25. Goods guaranteed.  
J. H. LUCKE & CO., 43 Lucke Block, Cincinnati, O.

# Pears'

It is a wonderful soap  
that takes hold quick and  
does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the  
skin soft like a baby's; no  
alkali in it, nothing but  
soap. The harm is done by  
alkali. Still more harm is  
done by not washing. So,  
bad soap is better than  
none.

What is bad soap? Im-  
perfectly made; the fat  
and alkali not well bal-  
anced or not combined.

What is good soap?  
Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists;  
all sorts of people use it.

**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,  
PAPER WAREHOUSE,**  
32, 34 and 36 Bleeker Street,  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 80 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.



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### HIS PLACE OF WORSHIP.

PURITANICAL FATHER.—My son, this is Thanksgiving Day  
and the injunction to us is that we each repair to our place of  
worship. I hope you will take heed, my son!

SON (not exactly puritanical).—That is just what I am going  
to do, Father—repair to my place of worship. I am going to  
spend the day at Clara Lovegood's house.

### SUBSTANTIALLY CORRECT.

JOHNNY.—Pa?

PA.—Yes.

JOHNNY.—Is an Indian reservation a place where the Indians are allowed  
to live until the white men want it?

### GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.

THE TRAMP.—I wuz n't always like dis, lady.

THE LADY.—No?

THE TRAMP.—Not on yer life! Yer should have seen me a week ago,  
before a feller give me dis old suit!

THE PEOPLE, of course, have a voice in the government. Sometimes it is a  
voice and nothing more.



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### NEW BREED.

MAJOR SHILOH.—My daughter, sah, has just acquired a baronet,  
sah, with a pedigree fo' hundred yeahs long, sah!

MAJOR BLUEGRASS.—I nevah heard of the breed, sah! Is it a  
coon-dawg, sah, or a hound, sah?

# Syrup of Figs



ACTS GENTLY ON THE  
**KIDNEYS, LIVER  
AND BOWELS**

CLEANSES THE SYSTEM  
EFFECTUALLY,  
DISPELS COLDS, HEADACHES,  
OVERCOMES & FEVERS  
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION  
PERMANENTLY  
TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE—MAN'FD BY  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

Always the best  
Now better  
Delicious mildness  
Superlative quality  
Nestor Cigarettes

**The Club  
COCKTAILS**  
MANHATTAN,  
MARTINI, WHISKEY,  
HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN,  
VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE  
COLD TO BE GOOD; TO  
SERVE IN PERFECT  
CONDITION, POUR  
OVER CRACKED ICE,  
(NOT SHAVEN) STIR  
AND STRAIN OFF.

G.F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,  
59 BROADWAY NEW YORK, HARTFORD, CONN.,  
AND 20 RIVINGTON W. LONDON, ENGLAND.

Insist on Having One in Your Cocktail

**COCKTAIL OLIVES**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
DELICIOUS, CRISP, AND APPETIZING  
Falcon Packing Co., New York



## For Holiday Decorations.

### Your Home and Your Business

should be adorned with Naturally Prepared Palms, Arecas, Ferns, etc. They last forever, need no care, are impervious to heat and cold, and all that kills plant life.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



2533 Rosebuds, 14 ins. long, per doz., \$2.40  
2200A Palm Plant, 36 ins. high, each, 1.25  
2210A Areca, 36 ins. high, each, 1.50  
2150 Fern, 7 ins. diameter, each, 1.50  
Natural Palm Leaves, per hundred, 2.00  
Natural Smilax, per hundred feet, 2.00  
Send for free Illustrated Catalogue "G."

### FRANK NETSCHERT,

187 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.  
7 Barclay Street, New York.

EVERY man should have two wives: one to cook for him, and the other to amuse him after he has eaten.—*Atchison Globe*.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

taken at night will make you feel right, act right and look right. They cure Constipation. 10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

## Arnold Constable & Co. Carpets.

Wilton, Axminster and Brussels Carpets in new and specially prepared designs.

## Oriental Rugs.

An unsurpassed assortment for Libraries, Dining Rooms and Halls. Designed exclusively for our Fall Trade.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK

**PARALYSIS** Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled. Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD. Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures FREE. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH



"Concert," \$100.

Buy an Edison Phonograph for the Family's Christmas. It will entertain your guests while it pleases you and amuses the children—and it lasts the year 'round. All popular, standard or classical music played by the best bands and orchestras or instrumental and vocal soloists, besides the amusing and pathetic sketches of the recitationist and the stirring words of the orator, are yours to command when you have an Edison Phonograph.

Many styles—from \$7.50 up. All use the same records and give equal results, but are run by different styles of motors which vary the cost. Our new Catalogue can be obtained from any phonograph dealer.

THOMAS A. EDISON  
NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., NEW YORK.

When you do drink,  
Drink Trimble.  
Green Label.

# Trimble Whiskey

The Green Label means it's 10 years old. A Pure Rye Whiskey. Foremost for over half a century and still the leader.

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A black and white cartoon illustration. A man in a suit and tie is seated at a desk, leaning forward and looking down at a woman. The woman, wearing glasses and a dark dress, is seated at the desk, looking up at the man. She has her hands clasped in front of her. On the desk, there is a typewriter and some papers. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern. The style is a classic mid-20th-century cartoon.

## IIA

A black and white illustration of a woman and a man in a room. The woman, with dark hair and large eyes, is seated and looking towards the man. The man, with wavy hair, is seated and looking back at her. They are both wearing traditional Indian attire. In the background, there is a large potted plant and a framed picture on the wall.

## VIII

A black and white illustration of a woman and a man in a room. The woman, with dark hair and a bindi, is seated and looking at the man. The man, with wavy hair, is seated and looking at the woman. They are both wearing traditional Indian attire. In the background, there is a large potted plant and a framed picture on the wall.

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